



SHERIFF PHILIP A. PATCH

CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

How Easily Improved.

OUR Southern people can be congratulated upon the natural conditions surrounding them—for in many respects they are superior to the conditions prevailing in the Northern States. For instance, sunshine is a health preserver whose wonderful efficiency is being demonstrated more every day. It was the great scientist Hensen who discovered that concentrated sunlight cured skin cancer. In fact, sunlight kills most germs—while darkness is necessary to the growth of most germs, mould, etc. People in the South can live out of doors a greater portion of the year which is good for health, while during the winter in some localities of the North the people hardly see the sun for weeks at a time.

The Southern States are blessed with the most luxurious climate in the world. It is all summer, winter being looked upon as an accident, borne as the other trials of life, which temporarily give discomfort. Lingering autumns and early springs make the Southern winter so short that not sufficient consideration is given by the people to the preparation of the body or home for the advent of Jack Frost, who will sooner

or later make his unwelcome appearance. For this reason a cold spell causes more suffering than in the North, where people plan for winter, in habits of life as well as in the construction of their houses. The statistics show that the mortality from pulmonary troubles is much greater in the South than in climates where bracing tonic weather prevails the greater part of the year. Beginning as a slight cold or catarrh of the nose, the disease invades the bronchial tubes, then if not checked, the lungs are affected, germs of gory or consumption gain a ready foothold in the diseased tissues and the entire system rapidly succumbs. No one living in the so-called temperate climate can avoid a certain amount of exposure to cold and wet, but Nature will take care of any reasonable drain on vitality in a healthy body. If, however, the bodily health is low and the system weakened by constant demands made upon it, any over-draft of vitality leaves its impression, and the greatest disadvantage experienced in the South is the effect of malaria and the enervating effect of warm weather on the system. The blood becoming charged with malaria, the whole system feels the effect and life rapidly becomes a burden. The best way to secure an ample margin of safety is to fill the veins with pure, rich blood. Poor blood means insufficient nourishment to the organs of the body; weak organs mean poor elimination of poisonous waste products from the blood, thus a vicious circle is established, and the circle is burned at both ends. Dr. Pierce's was one of the pioneers in placing medicine on a rational, scientific basis. He recognized these facts, and set about preparing a medicine which would meet both these indications. His "Golden Medical Discovery" makes pure blood, rapidly driving out the poisonous products that pollute and corrupt it. It also exercises a gentle tonic and stimulating effect on the great organs of the body, as the liver, kidneys and stomach. It gives strength to the body to throw off the cold, balances the circulation and prevents catarrh and nips grip and consumption in the bud. Many remedies highly recommended to cure colds are made up of alcohol and narcotics. The alcohol spurs on the weakened heart and the danger is passed for a time, but the disease gets a more secure foothold when it promptly returns as the inevitable result. The effect of the narcotics relieves the cough, but do not reach the root of the disease, leaving the lungs filled up with waste matter which Nature intends to be raised and thrown out. The "Golden Medical Discovery" attacks the very root of the trouble, stamping out effectually all the symptoms. There is not a particle of alcohol or opiate of any kind in Dr. Pierce's medicines, as he stands ready to prove in the most substantial manner.

Thousands have testified to the power and force given them by taking this "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce. For instance—

Sheriff Patch, whose picture is given herewith relates an experience he underwent: "I suffered for nearly eight years," writes Philip A. Patch, Esq., of Mobile, Ala., Deputy Sheriff, "with malaria, which poisoned my entire system and deprived me of my vitality. I was cured in three months by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I know it largely due to neglect and I paid little attention to my trouble until I became so run down and weak that I knew I had to do something at once to regain my health. I began to feel better within four days after I had used the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and after using nine bottles I was restored to my usual health, feeling better than for years."

In order that the benefits of his medicines may be as widespread as possible, Dr. Pierce invites all sufferers to write to Buffalo, N. Y., stating their symptoms, which will be given careful, confidential attention and the best advice. An experience of over a half-century stands behind Dr. Pierce's suggestions, and in addition he has collaborated the fruits of his experience and practice into book form. In the "Common Sense Medical Adviser" will be found invaluable information. Write to-day for this superb treatise which will be sent free on receipt of thirty-one cents, in one-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing only.

We guarantee that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does not contain alcohol, opium, or any harmful drug. It is a pure compound of medicinal plants scientifically combined. Persons making false statements concerning its ingredients will be prosecuted.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Dr. J. C. Rinehart
PRESIDENT.

WHIMS OF THE IDLER.

... SOME HINTS ABOUT NEST BUILDING ...

If you are looking for trouble in car-jacking, in an expensive account that would cripple a Napoleon of finance or make a Wall Street magnate take to the brush, build a house. Yes, commence at the beginning, with your wife as adviser, and rush the whole business through. Or rather, rush it as nearly through as possible, for it may be that parents will up to you before your plans are completed, or that you will murder your spouse or see the second-story joists are laid.

Those who rent their homes and have semi-monthly battles with landlords think—and very properly so, too—that their lives are hard. But they know not the sufferings of others who are going through the nidification process—that is, are building nests of their own. When one is a mere brow-beaten tenant, who trembles to ask for new bricks in the ten-year-old kitchen range or his child's wall paper in the hall, it is almost heart-rending to grovel before a landlord and have him pour forth the vials of his scorn. But after all, such humiliation, reduced to dollars and cents, only involves a couple of "ten-pots" or so, whereas when one is building, cash moves on a Titanic scale and always out of one's pockets into those of the builder.

Mind you, this is no trade against builders, for if I had a forty-acre farm full of offensive Jews and didn't know how to have the objectionable stuff removed, I believe the first person I would call

upon for help would be a builder. And so speedily is this favored class of mortals in the acquisition of other folks' coin that I venture to say the whole forty-acre farm would be cleared up within twenty-four hours.

But all this is anticipatory—is borrowing trouble before we have gotten to it. As a matter of fact, if contractors were the sweetest, most self-sacrificing mortals on earth and did business merely for their health—which probably they do—that wouldn't mean that building a house is a merry, joyous, mirth-provoking proposition. For, first of all, one has his wife to contend with.

And a woman, in selecting a house, generally wants it built on a nice-meeting plan—that is, she wants all sorts of architectural ingredients thrown in. She naturally inclines towards the Italian villa style, with Corinthian columns set off by Gothic trimmings and a "tout ensemble" strongly suggestive of the Colonial. No matter if the lot has only nineteen feet frontage. On the contrary, that is all the more reason why the home should look antique and should follow the spacious ideas of the ancients.

The so-called modern plans, declares your petticoated tormentor, are execrable in bricks and mortar which should be swept off the municipal map as traps for unscrupulous gulls with a little money. Leave it all to her, she says, with just as much earnestness as if you hadn't been leaving

every blessed thing you've done for the last twenty years to her.

And thereupon she fishes out a market basketful of magazine literature containing various and diverse articles, entitled "The House Beautiful," or "Lovely Homes," or "The Art of Building," or one beholds seductive cottages spreading out squat-fashion like a settling hen and containing so many rooms that one almost thinks it will be a sin not to take boarders when such a nugget of real estate is acquired.

The "front elevation"—that is, the deceitful portrait of the front of the house—smacks of rural retirement or suburban peace, while the undulating mountains or rolling hillsides, the glimmering water, the green lawns, the glowing sunset, all give one a positive guarantee that life in a \$2,000 home is a crime against humanity, it's so soft and velvety.

But the "front elevation" is as naught compared to the ground floor plans. Ah, there's where one gets luxury, sure enough—the kind one reads about in society novels and sees in Gibson pictures. Observe the double parlors and the place marked "living room" and the dinky little apartment, labeled "den," and the choice retreat designated as "library," and the "butler's pantry," and the kitchen, and the front hall big enough to accommodate a double ox-cart, and the square room for the fireplace, the winding stairway, and a thousand other things you've vainly longed for until your wishing apparatus has almost worn itself out.

No wonder one's wife gets high and mighty notions after seeing all these things, yet, when told that in deference to the money-producing member of the establishment is willing to pay even as much as \$2,500 for the house he wants. Such extravagance, shrieks the "house beautiful" expert, is sheer waste, and he meditates hunger to waste money when her winter's frosts haven't been made over for two years. Such silly lavishness when here's the whole business before you for a mere \$2,000 and maybe \$2,500. No wonder, then, that the man enough to spend on the home. Doesn't the confidential adviser in the magazine say so—the trowered Ruth Ashmore, whose whole life's work consists of giving other people advice. And oughtn't he to know. Why, sure.

It is while the \$2,000 glow is on that the builder is sent for—a cheery, freckle-necked, good-digestioned soul with large twinkling eyes and patient-leader shoes a little bedazzled by brick dust. Yes, he knows exactly what your wife wishes—observe that he has an offensive way of ignoring your existence—and quite agrees with the good woman in her opinion that the "renaissance" style of architecture, blended with the Corinthian the Gothic and the Colonial, make a lovely combination, especially for people of small means, but large and growing families. For suggestion, in as delicate a way as Ruskin, Emerson or Hawthorne could have put it, that the full baby-carriage, to say nothing of the trundle bed, is a thing to be reckoned with both now and in the future—in short that wise people with three children invariably ask "separate" for houses capable of expanding for the accommodation of eight or nine younglings.

When shown the "House Beautiful" article, he admits that it is beautiful, but suddenly discovers that it contains a sixty-foot lot, whereas yours is only nineteen feet. Still he can fix all that on the "blue prints," though as a close and dear friend of the family, who has your interest at heart, he thinks it would be wiser to have a \$3,000 house instead of a \$2,000 affair.

What he says is so soothing that you throw your eyes, throw your head on his shoulder, and give up entirely to him. All you ask is that he hurry up with the "blue prints," catch your ideas exactly and avoid the fantastic. What your wife wants is something simple.

And when the good man bows up four days hence with your future home, luminously white and mathematically perfect, yawning on an azure sea of paper, you have an impulse to quit your present abode and go forth and live in the new house at once. With trembling hands you seize the drawings—or rather your wife does—and soon she is deep in the

labyrinth of white ink marks and certain rolls of paper. She has never seen a blue print before, and therefore when she mistakes the rear end of the house for the front end, she will build a new crack in the wall. No, he has other things to do, for instance, he must explain why the house looks more like the edge of a saw of iron in a hand saw than a house at all. He must explain why the main floor is the crack between your foot and the wall; also why the "den" has disappeared, and why the "Colonial effect" has lost its identity. But he saves the matter of multitudinous million windows.

Last of all, he must break it to you that his plans contemplate the expenditure of \$4,000, which does not include labor, stone, the masonry, the gas fixtures, and a few other minutiae too insignificant to be discussed at this juncture. If perchance you—a mere man—happen to smell a rat at this juncture, your wife, at least, is quite innocently, though artistically, investigating.

But the honey-tongued soul with the large thumbs and the sunny disposition prepares to leave at this juncture, though we beg him not to depart. He will come again. There is no hurry. And meanwhile, says he, in his balsamic way, we are at liberty to change the plans to suit ourselves—to utilize more of the waste spaces, to add a few closets, to cut out some of the doors, and to make any alterations we please, always bearing in mind, however, that the nineteen-foot lot is not made of India rubber.

When the good man, with the comforting ways, leaves us we feel in the presence of the "blue prints" like babes in the wood, or rather like shipwrecked mariners on a waste of water. There are shoals and shallows on every side. Each line represents ten dollars; each architectural pretentiousness means an extra hundred. Without the windows on the side alley the nest will be like a dungeon; with them there will be no room for the harbor furniture. If the building is pushed back in the rear it will make the dining-room run out the garbage barrel; if it struggles to the front it will overlap the gutter; and if it goes to the side it will transgress the lights of the neighbor. So there's nothing left to do but to bore downwards towards fire and water.

In all the wild confusion, hurly-burly of financial terror and hopeless idiosyncy superinduced by the cold white lines of the "blue prints," but one thing stands out clearly—to wit, that your wife is going to have wall closets in every corner of the house and stationary washstands wherever there isn't a wall closet. And what's more, she's going to have a wide hall or den, and a butler's pantry and two bath-rooms and mahogany ballusters and wainscoting wherever it can be put.

To make a long story short, she has now reached the stage of the "blue prints," which she wouldn't so much as make curl papers out of the article on the \$2,000 house. Money no longer is an object with her. Her head is now a Brunswick stew of cash destroying schemes and she will not even suffer a protesting groan or grunt from her unhappy consort. But the story is too sad to go further. It must end here. It touches too many homes. It has got the male population terrified; it has put scores of men on the run. For it is woman, paradoxical, remnant-hunting, money-wasting woman, who queeneth it over the real-estate world and cautech the contractor in bourgeois and flourish like a green bay tree among his bricks and mortar.



INJUNCTION TO STOP WIFE FROM TALKING

Chicago Man Afraid Woman Will Tell Things About Him to Secret Society.

(By Associated Press.) CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—Injunction to prevent his wife from talking, was asked today in the Circuit Court by Thomas P. Wood, in connection with a divorce suit, from an alleged scandal, Wood declares he is also acting for the good of a Mrs. Margaret Watson. He fears, he says, that his wife will tell a secret society to which they belong. He also seeks to stop utterances of his wife in Newtonville, Ohio, and Muncie, Ind. In her divorce suit, Mrs. Wood charges her husband with certain vicious and absurd scandals. The complaint separated from his wife four years ago, when he says she became possessed of "certain religious delusions and theological vagaries." In a letter submitted to the court, Mrs. Wood threatens her husband with exposure unless he complies with certain demands as to changing his place of residence.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Account Christmas and New Year holidays, the Norfolk and Western Railway Company will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates to teachers and students, upon presentation and surrender of certificate of identification, signed by the president or principal of their respective college, from December 17th to 24th, inclusive, good for return passage until January 31st, 1905. Richmond to Norfolk and return, \$5.00; Lynchburg, \$3.00; and other points, as follows. Further information cheerfully furnished at the company's office, No. 88 East Main Street, JNO. E. WAGNER, C. T. H. BOSTON, City Pass. Agt. C. Dist. Pass. Agt.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*.

Yes, you can probably rent your house by using a placard. Just as you can probably ride across the State in a mile cart. But in the one case a "For Sale" sign would be quicker, and in the other an express train.

If a "For Sale" sign, or two would pay for your coal for the winter, it would be a pretty good investment. Wouldn't it? There are probably enough "old time" signs in your cellar and garret to do the trick if you advertise them in our "For Sale" columns.

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ROTHERT & COMPANY

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Nice Rugs from \$1.00 up.

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In leather, pantesote, verona and velours. We like to show these goods. Prices from \$7.50 to \$40.00.

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Dressed Fowls, lb..... 15c	Best Chocolate Drops..... 12 1/2c
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Florida Oranges..... 20c	Imported Almonds..... 15c
Fresh Country Eggs..... 28c	Best Layer Raisins..... 12 1/2c
Country Spareribs..... 12c	Albemarle Pippins, peck..... 25c

Best Elgin Butter, 25 cts.; 3 Pats. Cranberries, 25 cts	
Albemarle Cider, quart..... 10c	Pat Qrk. lb..... 8c
Best Mince-meat, lb..... 10c and 12 1/2c	Good Coffee, lb..... 10c
Fruit Cake, lb..... 15c	Best City Meal, peck..... 17c
Sweetener, 20lb..... 20c	Best Maple Syrup, quart..... 20c
West Point Oysters, quart..... 12 1/2c	Pork Steak, per lb..... 12 1/2c

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